*Re-enter* DIONYSUS *from the Cast Is.*

DIONYSUS.

O eye that cravest sights thou must not see.
O heart athirst for that which slakes not! Thee.
Pentheus. I call; forth and be seen, in guise
Of woman, Maenad, saint of Dionyse,
To spy upon His Chosen and thine own
Mother !

*[Enter* PENTHEUS, *dad like a Bacchanal and strangely excited a spirit of Bacchic madness overshadowing him.*

Thy shape, methinks, is like to one
Of Cadmus* royal maids !

PENTHEUS.

Yea ; and mine eye
Is bright I Yon sun shines twofold in the sky.
Thebes twofold and the Wall of Seven Gates. . . .
And is it a Wild Bull this, that walks and waits
Before me ? There are horns upon thy brow I
What art thou, man or beast ? For surely now
The BuU is on thee !

DIONYSUS,

He who erst was wrath,
Goes with us now in gentleness. He hath
Unsealed thine eyes to see what thou shouldst see*

PENTHEUS.

Say; stand I not as Ino stands, or she
Who bore me ?